

Camping the Aussie way!

Mick attended his 4-wheel drive clubs monthly meeting and had just told them he couldn't make the upcoming annual Innamincka trip because his missus wouldn't let him go.

After copping "the under the thumb remarks and other derisive remarks", Mick left to go back home to the missus.

Later when Mick's mates started arriving to set up camp at Innamincka common the following week, who should be there but Mick sitting up in front of the Cooper, swag rolled out, fishing rod in hand, and the camp oven roast stewing away in a hot bed of Coolabah coals.

"Geez how did ya talk ya missus into letting you come here Mick?" they asked.

"I didn't have to," was Mick's reply, "When I left the meeting last week, I went home disappointed and slumped down in my chair with a beer to drown my sorrows Suddenly the missus snuck up behind me and covered my eyes and said, 'Surprise'.

"When I peeled her hands back, there she was standing there in a beautiful see-through negligee and she said, 'Carry me into the bedroom and tie me to the bed and you can do what ever you want.'"

SO HERE I AM